

The czar, we are told, is finding it necessary to revise his opinion of Mr. Roosevelt. He had accepted the current European caricature, and had pictured to himself a fighting backwoodsman. He is therefore surprised, but gratified, to discover that the new occupant of the White House is a man of peace, college-bred, and experienced in public business. He probably feels that he can get on with a ruler like that. And maybe he can. At any rate it will be worth his while to try.

But do we know the czar any better than he knows us? The popular American idea of him pictures a grave, dignified, and somewhat stern, but not unkind, and guided in nearly everything by his ministers. We do not associate him with the duties of the head of the most powerful despotism in the world. How wide of the mark are we? Just how much and what sort of a man is he?

Are we any nearer the mark in the case of the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Italy, and the Sultan of Turkey? The popular notion of the Englishman is of a well clubman, with tact and good feeling; of the German, that the spectacular dominates his whole being; of the Italian, that he is overweighed with a difficult task; while we are repeatedly asked to believe that the sultan is an abject coward who lives in a bomb-proof, and yet in hourly fear of a violent death.

The fact is the world is influenced too much by caricature. It takes the place of truth, and interferes with the proper conception of men and things. It encourages that peculiar sort of talent which stands on its head and looks at things upside down for a living. There have been congresses of nations and congresses of religions, with a view of dissipating misconceptions. Why not a congress of rulers, so that the rulers themselves at least may understand one another better? Maybe the managers of the St. Louis exposition would be glad to add such a feature to their program, and provide an opportunity on American soil for the gathering of the heads of the world's great nations.

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day has not yet been named. It ought to be an early day. Why not next month? The discussion is certain to command national attention. The subject is the most important one now before the country. The money question no longer causes alarm.

Militarism is now only an amusing spook. Expansion is an accomplished fact. But we must have new markets for our greatly increased output, and the best means for obtaining them may safely be declared the supreme issue of the hour. The manufacturers of all sections are interested, and highly competent to throw light on the subject. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury will begin the preparation of their annual reports to Congress early in November. Why should not this Association of Manufacturers make a formal deliverance in time for its digestion by those officials before they begin work on those important state papers?

Czolgoss Sentenced.
The Buffalo court has finished its work by the sentencing of Czolgoss to die in the electric chair during the week beginning October 28. Practically the lowest margin was drawn between the prisoner and his death day. The law requires that the condemned shall be sentenced to die on some day in a week specified, not less than four nor more than eight weeks from the time of sentencing. Consequently the court could not name a shorter period than that of four weeks, which would have been inasmuch as the week beginning October 28 is just four removed from next Monday. Czolgoss has been given every possible consideration at the hands of the law, and it was not to be expected that he should be kept alive longer than necessary to comply with the legal requirements. It would be at the least inhuman to prolong a life so tortured by fear and perhaps remorse as that of this trembling wretch. Czolgoss doubtless disappointed many by his bearing yesterday, but he should have braved it all. His courage failed. He had no nerve to look the court in the face, to speak above a whisper. He was the craven in every line of his bearing, and he will probably remain the craven until the end.

It is rather remarkable that a man, who, as Czolgoss claims, planned and executed a great criminal single-handed, could weaken so miserably in the hour of trial and sentence. His conduct rather belies his words of self-condemnation, yesterday whispered before the court. He does not act the part of a self-sufficient criminal, the crank inspired by a hellish motive of murder, a turbulent interpreter of the impersonal suggestions of others. He rather suggests in his present attitude the unwilling tool, the agent chosen by lot, nerved up to the crime and then abandoned by his bravado which had carried him through the crisis of his plot. If, on the other hand, he is really alone in his crime, he offers an extraordinary problem in criminology for specialists to solve.

Before Czolgoss dies it is to be hoped that he will be persuaded to tell of the details of his course prior to the shooting. His confession is as yet incomplete as to the essential details. It is known, as far as the first reports may be trusted, that he acknowledged the influence of Goldman's teachings in leading him on to murder the President. He has not told how he conceived the exact means of execution, how he managed to fasten the concealing handkerchief upon his right hand, where he did this, where and when he procured the weapon, and such steps of the process. If he is really alone in the crime, he should be easily put in frame of mind to tell of all these matters. If he is the agent of a plot, his silence upon the items of his course prior to the assassination is natural and may logically be interpreted as indicative of a conspiracy.

The New York Times.
On the 15th of this month the New York Times was fifty years old. It had prepared, in commemoration of that event, a handsome souvenir edition, the publication of which, however, was postponed in deference to the great grief of the nation, caused by the death of President McKinley. The issue has now been made and the Times stands forth acknowledged of its years, and the recipient of many earnest congratulations. There are few newspapers in the United States so worthy of success and continued existence as the New York Times. From the outset of its career it has stood for decent journalism. It has appealed always to the best impulses of the community and its influence has steadily been for good. Its editors and managers have held firmly to their high standards, even in the midst of metropolitan temptations toward "yellowism," and the Times today is a living rebuke to the sensationalism which has debauched so many exponents of the press. And it is the more notable an example of high class journalism because of the fact that it has thrived in its virtue, and according to its announcement, "it has now a larger circulation, a larger income from advertising, and a more prosperous than at any time in the fifty years of its history." May the Times' motto, "All the news that's fit to print," never fade from its present conspicuous place in the American newspaper world.

John C. Nicolay.
While John C. Nicolay was best known to the world as Abraham Lincoln's personal friend, secretary and biographer, and more immediately as for years marshal of the United States Supreme Court, many Washingtonians knew him best of all as a man and a friend, as a charming personality. His acquaintance with the fine arts, his knowledge of languages, his powers of observation and expression all tended to create a delightful companion. Mr. Nicolay was never, however, a dabbler. He was a worker throughout his long and useful life. He struggled into prosperity from adversity, he became a power in western journalism and politics and he was President Lincoln's trusted confidant and helper through the trying days of war. His contribution to American history in the form of his biography of Mr. Lincoln, in collaboration with his accomplished official colleague, Mr. Hay, was a achievement of exceptional value and note. Few works of a similar character have ever been produced shedding so clear a light upon a personality and a period of world importance. Mr. Nicolay's death will be deeply mourned in Washington and wherever else the force of his sterling character has been appreciated.

The boys who are now returning to their school books cannot fail to be struck by the pitiful contrast between Brutus and the modern assassin.

The anarchist is at something of an advantage because civilization will not permit his own cowardly methods to be turned against him.

The decision to keep the present commissioner of pensions in office evidently went through without General Stieles' "O. K."

The yacht-wise people of England are already beginning to say "I told you so" to Sir Thomas Lipton.

The Anti-Tammany Movement.
Some of the small political organizations of New York city have denounced the nomination of Seth Low for mayor by the anti-Tammany combination have been casting about during the past few days for a candidate upon whom they could unite to defeat a third ticket. They approached Mr. E. M. Knox, a man of high standing, whose name was considered by the conference committee which finally chose Mr. Low as a candidate. Mr. Knox has refused to allow the use of his name, and there are

signs that the third-party movement will collapse for lack of a reputable leader. It would seem as though decent New Yorkers had enough of the third-ticket idea in 1897, when the nomination of General Tracy by the republican machine divided the reform anti-Tammany vote and permitted the election of Van Wyck. Personal dislikes should have no place in such a campaign, when the prime issue is to crush the machine. Municipal liberty calls for the suppression of personalities and politics.

The theory that the monkey is descended from man now confronts civilization with a serious question. How far ought a human being to be allowed to degenerate from the loftiest ideal of manhood before he is compelled to shed his clothing, climb a tree and refrain from conversation?

Of course, when Mr. Bryan protests against any abridgment of freedom of speech there will be many people inclined to suspect that he is selfishly trying to establish oratory as a protected industry.

Even an Englishman must admit, in all fair-mindedness, that this country would have a great deal of difficulty if it tried to conduct its affairs according to the suggestions of the London press.

Richard Croker repudiated Devery, but was careful not to jeopardize Tammany discipline by any vindication of the policeman who publicly protested against being "shook down."

President Shafter has no reason to expect anybody to stop work in order to listen to anything so uninteresting and unremunerative as an explanation.

The Boers have at least succeeded in putting a few question marks into General Kitchener's record as a swift and irresistible conqueror.

It will be remarkable if the entire series of yacht races is concluded without Mr. Lawson getting his name into the papers again.

President Castro would like to see anybody with effrontery enough to object to militarism in his republic.

SHOOTING STARS.
The Reconciliation.
"I unstan," said Miss Miami Brown, "that you done made reference to me as a 'coon.'"

"You does me wrong," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "my regards for yoh is set at if I was to make any comparisons dar wouldn't be nuffin' mentioned but chicken or 'possum.'"

"It is an easy matter to improve the memory," said the man who takes life seriously. "It may be done to some extent by simply trying each night to recall what you had for breakfast."

"Such a thing is out of the question with me," answered the mild-mannered but dyspeptic friend. "I am not of a vindictive disposition. I make it a rule never to cherish the recollection of a great wrong."

Appearances.
Some men are like the blossoms That smileth at the morn.
For when you come too near them, Alack! you find the thorn.

And others, like the oyster In dull seclusion dwell,
And are most mild and pleasant When you get past the shell.

The Hero.
"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theater.
And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is putting up the money."

An Humble Effort.
De ol' leaf hung upon de tree
When summer days was pas'.
"I guess," says he, "it's up to me.
I's all dat's left at las';
De blue and red of de posy bed
Is fadin' fas' away.
I nebbor mounted to much, dey said,
But I's all dat's left today."

An' de gold and purple handomeness
Dat he done hang out dat day,
Dey kind of lessened our distress
Foh the flowers dat went away.
An' we didn' chide him, wif joys so few,
But we kinder thanked him, jes' a few,
Foh done de bes' he could.

The Pension Commissioner.
From the Boston Herald.
We are disposed to believe that on no point will President Roosevelt more cordially carry out his announced policy of continuing in the line of action of the late President McKinley than in the retention in office of Commissioner Evans of the pension bureau. The agitation for his dismissal, which received a serious setback at the late Grand Army gathering, has practically ceased. Mr. Evans is, as usual, attending closely to his official duties, and the latest information is to the effect that he is making further reforms in his department, as the opportunity for them develops. The country is convinced that he is a man who, with courage to thwart pension attorneys' schemes against the treasury, is thoroughly reliable to protect the interests of the deserving veteran soldiers who are in need of aid.

Cold Comfort for Kruger.
From the Indianapolis News.
The London Mail has information that Mr. Kruger is preparing a memorial to President Roosevelt, soliciting the intervention of the United States in the South African trouble. Mr. Kruger can hardly have read President Roosevelt's statement, or feel the significance of his acts since that statement, that he meant to carry out the policy of President McKinley without reservation. Otherwise he would know that this government cannot see its way to interference of any kind. It has already gone further than any other government in inviting to England to let its good offices in any wise to make an end of the trouble. England declined the offer. The wise thing for the Boers to do is to accept the inevitable.

Trade Cycles.
From the London Chronicle.
Are we at the beginning of a cycle of bad trade? There is no question, we suppose, which interests so nearly so many people. It would be of interest in any case; it is of greater interest than ever in view of the unfinished war that is on our hands and the additional taxation which we have both in the present and in prospect. A bad symptom is that if the cycle theory of trade be correct, some lean years are now due.

School Savings Banks.
From the Newark Advertiser.
On general principles, the system of school savings banks is a wise and beneficial feature of public education, and its adoption by Newark public educators is much to be desired. When the system gets established it will entice very little extra labor upon the teachers. The success of school savings banks in other cities shows that what can be done here with this object lesson in thrift.

In Memory of McKinley.
From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.
Memphis will place some sort of fitting memorial on the site of the Court square where President McKinley addressed the people of this city.

Will Be Frank.
From the Atlanta Journal.
President Roosevelt is a man who will let the office-seeker know where he stands very early in the game.

Cities of the Pacific.
From the Honolulu Advertiser.
If Manila is the New York of the Pacific, Guam must furnish the Philadelphia, and at its present rate of progress Honolulu will lay claim to being the Chicago.

McKnew's
"Strictly reliable qualities."
Business hours, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Ready
The Suit, Jacket, Waist and Skirt stocks are well-nigh complete—and we are ready to execute your commands.

Some of our best novelties are here—the leaders, as we consider them—and an early selection is desirable, for we are getting busier every day.

The New Suits.
—In Blouse, Blouse, Double-breasted and Louis XIV styles—in broadcloth, crepe, velvet, tulle, and satin. Suits in black, blue, brown and gray at \$20, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$28, \$27.50, \$30, \$32.50, \$35.00, \$38 to \$75.

The New Waists.
SILK WAISTS—in black, white, cream, old rose, garnet and gray—at \$5, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8 to \$25.
FLANNEL WAISTS—in black, gray, old rose, garnet and blue—at \$2.25, \$3, \$3.50,